

The Mirror

OF

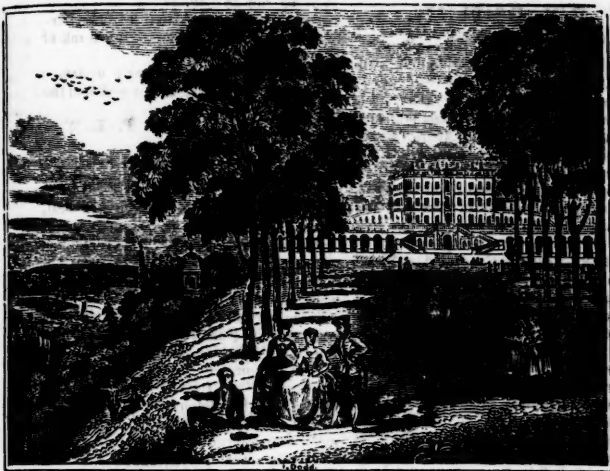
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 414.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1830.

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Cliefden. Bucks



CLIEFDEN is one of the most delightful estates on the banks of the Thames. It is situated about two miles north east from Maidenhead, and for picturesque scenery, and the combined charms of wood and water, is almost unrivalled. Its celebrity, or rather its notoriety, is, however, of a much less admirable description; both the original proprietor and the place being "damned to everlasting fame" in the powerful satires of Pope.

The mansion, which was of the most magnificent description, was erected by George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, in the reign of Charles II., and came by marriage to the late Earl of Orkney. Villiers, it will be recollected, served in the royal army under Prince Rupert; was with Charles II. in Scotland, and at Worcester; followed that prince abroad; served as volunteer in the French army in Flanders; and repaired the ruin of his fortune in the royal cause by marrying the daughter of Lord Fairfax. At the Restoration he was made Master of the Horse, and became one of the confidential "Cabal." His character is a tissue of licentiousness, un-

principled levity, and imprudence. he engaged in a conspiracy against the government in 1666, but the King, probably from his esteem of him as a pleasant fellow, readmitted him to his favour, and Buckingham again and again abused it. The profligacy of his private life was even notorious in these corrupt times. He seduced the Countess of Shrewsbury, and killed her husband in a duel; and was suspected of instigating Blood to the outrage on the Duke of Ormond. In 1676, he was committed to the Tower for contempt, by order of the House of Lords, but soon released; and, at length, after becoming the object of contempt to all parties, he died neglected and unregretted at Kirkby Moorside,* in Yorkshire, in 1688.

We often speak of him as "the witty

* Pope has commemorated this place, in the celebrated lines in which he records the wretched end of its founder:—
In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung.

The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung.
On once a flock bed, but repair'd with straw;
With tape-ty'd curtains never meant to draw;
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red.

author of 'the Rehearsal,' since he was doubtless a man of great literary abilities. At Cliefden, Buckingham kept his voluptuous court of wits and wayward sons of waste; which Pope alludes to, as—

Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love.

The estate afterwards fell into better hands, the mansion being greatly improved by Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of his late Majesty, who resided many years on this delightful spot. On May 20, 1795, the residence was almost wholly destroyed by fire, together with all the furniture and paintings, and the fine tapestry hangings, representing the victory of the great Duke of Marlborough, in which the Earl of Orkney had a conspicuous share. The wings of the mansion were the only part that escaped the flames.

The date of our Engraving is the year 1740. George III. passed some of his early years at Cliefden, where his unspotted reputation presented a strong contrast with the headlong license of one of the former possessors.

The estate originally comprised nearly 430 contiguous acres, in the three parishes of Taplow, Hedsor, and Hitcham; but it was divided into seven lots, and sold in June, 1819. The principal lots included the site of the ancient mansion, with the remaining wings, (which had been connected by a subterranean passage, and formed into a comfortable residence); a noble terrace, which occupies the brow of the very lofty eminence on which the house was situated, and is said to be higher than that at Windsor, whose castle and contiguous buildings constitute the prominent objects of the view; 186 acres of land; and various ornamental buildings.

The home scenery of Cliefden is very picturesque; and the grounds, though originally disposed and planted in the formal style of the seventeenth century, Great Villiers lies. Alas! how chang'd from him;

That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love.
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more!
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands, ends!

One of our correspondents, who appears to us well acquainted with the district, denies this statement of Pope. (*See Mirror*, present vol. page 67. Note.)

The murder of the first Duke of Buckingham, by Felton, and some interesting particulars of the assassin, from Britton's *Memoirs of the Tower*, will be found at page 167.

are so finely wooded, and possess so much diversity of surface, that the views assume a grandeur of character but seldom seen. The declivity towards the Thames is finely hung with natural woods, whence "Cliefden's hanging woods" of the poet; and the prospect of the meandering river, with the fertile meadows enriched by its waters, are extremely fine.

Near the bottom of Cliefden Wood rises a small spring, which falling over a rugged ledge, forms a beautiful cascade. "Poetry," says a late writer, "would consider it as the crystal tribute of the Dryads of the woods paid to the Naiads of the stream."

ETERNITY.

IN IMITATION OF THE OLDEN POETS.

(*For the Mirror.*)

LONG seems the life that we enjoy,
And many wiles do we employ,
And many pleasures there are sought,
To shorten that which of itself is naught.

How long our few past years have been,
How long our mispent days I ween;
But how much longer since the world began,
Turn back thine eye, and all its wonders scan.

Tho' huge and pregnant—time is but a speck,
Its honours, glories, triumphs but a wreck;
Lost in eternity! The past is but a name,
Ten thousand years to come Eternity's the same.

LEARN.

RETROSPECTION.

(*For the Mirror.*)

BALDLY recollections of the glorious past,
Come like the shadows of the sainted dead,
Whom once we knew—forth from their mortal
GRAVES.

They tell of happy days—of blighted hopes,
Good ever in prospective cheer'd us on;
And still we follow where the phantom flies,
Till hears'd in death, th' illusive spectre dies.
Beyond which, tho' prospective all our hopes,
We never look'd! CYNELINE.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Do lovely visions charm thee now of the turf
Which we play'd,
Of the music of the summer rill, of the violet-
haunted glade?
Oh, let the spell of memory still be unto thee
entwin'd,
And the sweet dreams of our early days shall
sanctify thy mind.

I remember how we wander'd out beneath the
gentle sky,
And thou didst say the vesper-star was brilliant
as mine eye,

With the hills around—the flow'rs beneath—an
the heavenly lights above—
Oh, did not such an evening fill our solitude
with love! R. AUGUSTINE.

The Cosmopolite.

THE LIFE OF A MARTYR TO TRUTH.

(From the German of Rabner.)

BY FLOWING ALMAWNY.

NOTHING is more common in company than for one person to entertain another with perpetual accounts of himself, his properties and endowments. We are nearest to ourselves, and as it is our duty to speak all the good we can of our neighbour, we think ourselves under a natural obligation to praise ourselves. I shall not now inquire into the real causes of this foolish instance of self-love, as I am not disposed to make myself enemies after my death. I only mention it as a sort of apology for my present design. If thou affordest so much patience in hearkening to others who praise themselves while alive in the flesh; grant me thy attention when I tell thee after my death who I was. In common with all others, I wish my name to be immortal, though my body must be a prey to corruption. But wilt thou refuse to let me relate the course of my life? then I shall be more unfortunate than many, whose merits are remembered, at least as long as their heirs are dividing their inheritance.

The love of truth placed me in such sorry circumstances, that scarce any one has heard of my death except the curate who buried me. Had I been the owner of a comfortable estate, my weeping heirs would have published to the whole town, that their dear kinsman had piously departed to a better world, & I might on my death-bed have feed some worthy orator to prove to his Christian audience the eternal truth, that of all terrors, death is the most terrible; and that my virtuous soul had taken its departure much too prematurely from the earthly tabernacle in which it had dwelt for three and sixty years. But my poverty would not allow me to make so pompous a departure from the world. I died a martyr to truth, that is poor and unlamented; and if posterity is to learn any thing about me, I am reduced to the necessity of delivering it myself. That I was born on the 17th of September, in the year of our Lord, 1674, at Millberg, a little town on the river Elbe, may seem a matter of no very great consequence; but it is not my fault that the town is no bigger, any more than that my father was not a nobleman, nor a prelate, nor even a knight, but only, if I may venture to believe my

mother, Master Lollinger, citizen, and tailor to the corporation. I brought two teeth with me into the world, was able to speak in my very first year, and had artifice enough in my second, to impose upon my father and mother whenever I pleased. My parents took this for a fortunate presage, that in time I should become a great lawyer. But they were mistaken, and the consequence has shown that it was an unhappy indication of my attachment to truth. I began very early to make it appear. Scarcely had I completed my fourth year, when I perceived that my father was not too scrupulously conscientious in his vocation; I pointed it out to him in a childish, but very forcible manner, and because I repeatedly did so, whenever occasion offered, he once for all gave me a sound flogging, as a taste of the first-fruits of the love of truth. However, I was not deterred by this. My father died and left my mother a young widow, and me an uneducated boy. My mother took on lamentably at his death; she howled and screamed—she hid her face with a deep veil—she wished she had dropped into the grave with her husband, and abjured all commerce with the world. I thought in my childish simplicity she had been in earnest, and I remained twelve whole weeks in error; but then it was quite removed: she cracked her jokes—she laughed—she visited her neighbours; and at home I saw several young men come and go, without her being angry at it. In short, she had forgotten her husband, and all desire of lying beside him in the grave had vanished away. I asked her why she had so much deceived me and others? A couple of boxes on the ear was all the answer I got. One day she looked in the glass, and asked me if she was not handsome? I said no; and this ruined me at once in her maternal affection. She could no longer endure me about her; and it was resolved to put me to school. I was accordingly sent to a place where for some years I continued to learn the elements of language. It was thought fit to place me at another school; I willingly obeyed; and at first my masters were well satisfied with me; but this lasted not long. Some of my schoolfellows were lazy. I rebuked them for their laziness; some of them were pursuing, with great eagerness, the study of sciences, which to me seemed insipid and of no real utility; others were ever giving themselves airs, only because they could tell, in Latin and Greek, who made them. To these I declared that I could not look at them

without laughing, yet none of them thanked me for my frankness; all, on the contrary became my enemies. The wrath of one of my tutors, of whom I affirmed, without sufficient grounds, that he had more strength in his fist than in literature; the wrath of this man was so emphatical that I was obliged to leave the school, and be glad, by publicly begging pardon, to get quit of far greater disgrace.

In the first agitation of my mind, I vowed never more to speak truth. But it fared with me as with those poets who abjure the making of verses. I went to the university, of which I had formed very high ideas, but by which I had betrayed my ignorance. People who made it their sole concern how best they should discharge their duty to their country, how come up to the expectations of their parents, and how worthily requite them for their unremitted cares and great expense; people who earnestly devoted themselves to those sciences of which they boasted; such I thought to find. I was mistaken. The very first evening I was frightened by a company of drunken persons, who were running to their chambers roaring and swearing all the way. At first I imagined it to be an insurrection, or at least that some dreadful fire had broken out. I looked out at the window, and just at that moment their ringleader had fallen into the mud, and I could hear from the speeches of the rest, that they were helping a professor of philosophy to get upon his legs. This event excited my attention; I watched more narrowly the morals of my fellow-students. I became acquainted with one, a great stickler for orthodoxy, who bragged that he had got gloriously tipsy, as he termed it, twice that week in a tavern. A countryman of mine was determined to stand for a professorship of both laws, because he was inwardly persuaded that he was fit for nothing. A man of twelve dollars made him an author and a respondent; and for his greater security I translated disputations for him into his mother tongue: he promised to reward me with a more considerable present; but losing at cards that very evening all he had, he put me off till after his marriage, which was soon to take place with a girl of great fortune. My next neighbour was studying physic; but he had more to do with fleshy bodies than with loathsome skeletons, and daily bestowed ten thousand curses on his dull pedantic tutor, for tormenting him with so many hard Greek words. These and a hundred other examples, equally

foolish, were continually presenting themselves before me, and I must look on in silence! and I must not speak the truth! I did all kinds of violence to my spirit, in order not to break my oath; and many a one who has a fine thought, or a pretty conceit which he cannot find a proper occasion for bringing forth, does not feel half the gnawings at heart, half the pains and uneasiness that I felt at that time. At last, nature got the better of all restraint. I boldly declared that the behaviour of the greater part of my fellow students was highly improper, and not to be defended. On all occasions I represented to them, either seriously or jocosely, the folly of their conduct. At different times I composed satirical verses, in which I depicted not only the vices, but the persons addicted to them; and in doing this I preserved myself a twofold pleasure. But my honesty, my zeal for truth, my rational views were badly repaid. My company was shunned; I was derided and hated; and I learnt that some persons had sworn to affront me in public, and they would certainly have put their threats into execution if I had not taken the timely precaution of removing to another place for completing the studies I had here begun.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

LONDON ANOMALIES.

BY HUDIBRAS, JUNIOR.

Oh! London's a comical place,
In which comical people do dwell;
Where comical streets you may trace,
And comical things the folks sell:
And what is more comical still,

Although it seems nearly a fiction,
Each street with its name chimes so ill,
That the whole is a plump contradiction.

First *Cheapside* is known to be dear:
Wood-street is all stones, bricks, and mortar;
In *Milk-street* the people drink beer;
In *Beer-lane* they're nothing but water;
In the *Poultry* no fowls you will see,
You need not go there for conviction;
In *Love-lane* the folks disagree;—
Thus the whole is a plump contradiction.

On *Saffron-hill* every thing's brown;
In *Cow-cross* you seldom see cattle;
In *Water-lane* no one can drown;
In *Angel-court*, Lord, what a prattle;
In *Honey-lane* there's not a bee,
Although *Drones* there may meet on reunion;

In *Orchard-street* grows not a tree;
Thus the whole is a plump contradiction!

In *Fleet-street* the coaches go slow;
Racket-court is quite peaceful and quiet;
You'll find not an arrow at *Bow*,
And *Paradise-street* is all riot;
Still-alley is pestered with noise,
Which the neighbours all find an affliction;
In *Lad-lane* are very few boys;—
Thus the whole is a plump contradiction!

*The New River Road is its tail ;
Mount Pleasant with mud is offensive ;
In New-street they sell things quite stale ;
Little Britain is very extensive ;
That the New Road is old is quite true,
In Truth-street live dealers in fiction ;
While Old-street is looking quite new ;—
Thus the whole is a plump contradiction !*

*Mount-street as a pancake is fat,
And Hill-street is all on a level ;
While Green-street's as black as your hat,
And Down-street's as rough as the devil ;
In Golden-lane some keep a pig,
In spite of Mic. Taylor's restriction ;
In Bush-lane you can't see a twig ;—
Thus the whole is a plump contradiction !*

*In Wyck-street folks live any how,
In Kite-lane all by their labour ;
In Field-lane there ne'er was a plough ;
In Friendly-court none knows his neighbour ;
In St. James's lives many a true Greek,
For young opulent boobies' affliction ;
In Great-street but broad Scotch they speak ;—
Thus the whole is a plump contradiction !*

*In Rider-street all people walk ;
In Walker's-court some keep their trotters ;
In Duck-alley all the folks talk ;
In King-street there are treason and plotters.
Then, ye Streets, Lanes, and Alleys, adieu !
Like you dwellers, you're all but a fiction
For search London life through and through,
Tis all but a plump contradiction !*

Monthly Magazine.

CHILDHOOD.

"Oh Life ! how pleasant is thy morning !"
ROCEAS,

CHILDREN are but little people, yet they form a very important part of society, expend much of our capital, have considerable influence on the corn-laws, employ a great portion of our population in their service, and occupy half the literati of our day in labours for their instruction and amusement. They cause more trouble and anxiety than the national debt ; the loveliest of women in her maturity of charms breaks not so many slumbers, nor occasions so many sighs as she did in her cradle ; and the handsomest of men, with full-grown mustachios and Stultz for his tailor, must not flatter himself that he is half so much admired as he was when in petticoats. Without any reference to their being our future statesmen, philosophers, and magistrates in miniature disguise, children form, in their present state of pigmy existence, a most influential class of beings ; and the arrival of a mewling infant who can scarcely open its eyes, and only opens its mouth, like an unfledged bird, for food, will effect the most extraordinary alteration in a whole household ; substitute affection for coldness, duty for dissipation, cheerfulness for gravity, bustle for formality ; unite hearts which time had divided, soften feelings which the world had hardened, teach women of fashion to

criticise pap, and grave metaphysicians to crawl upon all fours.

It is not only to their parents and near connexions that children are interesting and delightful ; they are general favourites, and their caresses are slighted by none but the strange, the affected, or the morose. Even men may condescend to sport with children without fear of contempt ; and for those who like to shelter themselves under authority, and cannot venture to be wise and happy their own way, we have plenty of splendid examples, ancient and modern, living and dead, to adduce, which may sanction a love for these pigmy playthings. Statesmen have romped with them, orators told them stories, conquerors submitted to their blows, judges, divines, and philosophers listened to their prattle and joined in their sports.

Spoiled children are, however, excepted from this partiality ; every one joins in visiting the faults of others upon their heads, and hating these unfortunate victims of their parents' folly. They must be bribed to good behaviour, like many of their elders ; they insist upon fingering your watch, and spoiling what they do not understand ; like numbers of the patrons of literature and the arts, they will sometimes cry for the moon as absurdly as Alexander for more worlds, and when they are angry, they have as little mercy for cups and saucers as Buonaparte for Cobentzel's china vase. They are as unreasonable, impatient, selfish, exacting, and whimsical as grown-up men and women, and only want the varnish of politeness and mask of hypocrisy to complete the likeness ; in short, they display to all their acquaintance those faults of character which their wiser elders show only to their family and dependents.

Another description of children, deservedly unpopular, is the over-educated and super-excellent, who despise dolls and drums, read only for instruction, have no wish for a holiday, no fancy for a fairy tale. They are the representatives of the old-fashioned, extinct class, who used to blunder through Norval's speech, or Satan's address to the Sun, but far more perseveringly tiresome, more unintermittingly dull than their predecessors. The latter excited your compassion by bearing the manner of victims, and when their task was over, were ready for a ride upon your foot, a noisy game at play, or a story about an ogress ; but the modern class appear to have a natural taste for pedantry and precision ; their wisdom never indulges in a nap, at least before company ; they

have learned the Pestalozzi system, and weary you with questions; they require you to prove every thing you assert, and are always on the watch to detect you in a verbal inaccuracy, or a slight mistake in a date. Indeed, it is not a little annoying, when you are whiling away the time before dinner in that irritable state which precedes an Englishman's afternoon meal, tired perhaps by business or study, and wishing for a few minutes' relaxation preparatory to the important tasks of repletion and digestion, to find your attempts at playfulness and trifling baffled in all directions. Turning from the gentlemen, to avoid the Funds or the Catholic Question, free trade, or the balance of power; driven from your refuge among the ladies by phrenology, or the lectures at the Royal Institution, you fly to a group of children, in hopes of a game at play, or an interchange of nonsense, and find yourself beset by critics and examiners, required to attend to Lindley Murray's rules, to brush up your geographical and chronological knowledge; and, instead of a demand upon your imagination for a story, or your foot for a ride, you are called upon to give an account of the Copernican system or the Peloponnesian war.

I love a children's ball—that is, a ball for very young children; for when they approach their teens, they begin gradually to throw off their angelic disguise preparatory to becoming men and women; the germs of vanity, dissimulation, and pride, are visible; the young eye roves for admiration, the head is held high on contact with vulgarity; the lips speak a different language from the less deceitful brow. If the object of entertainments was really to entertain, we ought only to invite children; because, if not quite sure of succeeding in our aim, we at least can discover whether or not we have attained it. In the uniform polite satisfaction and measured mirth of a grown-up party, the cold smiles, the joyless laughter, the languid dance, one tale only is told, satiety, contempt, anger, and mortification may lurk beneath, no clue is afforded to the poor host by which he may discover the quantity of pleasure his efforts and his money have produced; a heart or two may be breaking beside him, but he knows nothing of the matter; a duel or two arranging at his elbow, but he sees only bows and politeness; and he may send away half his guests affronted by his neglect, and the other half ridiculing his hospitality, while he has fatigued and impoverished himself to

please them. In these assemblies,

"There's sic parade, sic pomp an' ost,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart,"

while, in a party for children, ninety-nine out of a hundred consider themselves at the summit of human felicity, and take no care to conceal their sentiments; and if the unlucky hundredth happens to fall down, or to be affronted, a few tears and a little outcry show you where your assistance is required, and allow you to set matters right again by coaxing and sugar-plums. These occasional eccentric movements in the quadrille, proceeding from the exuberance of spirits and of joy; those shouts of merriment which sometimes defy the lessons of politeness and the frowns of a smiling mamma; those peals of young laughter so thrilling and so infectious; those animated voices and bright faces assure the donors of the feast that they have conferred a few hours of exquisite happiness on the dear little beings around them, afforded them food for chattering and mirth for many days, and perhaps planted in their grateful memories one of those sunny spots to which the man looks back with pleasure and wonder, when sated, wearied, and disappointed, he sees with surprise how easily and how keenly he was once delighted.

Little girls are my favourites; boys, though sufficiently interesting and amusing, are apt to be infected, as soon as they assume the manly garb, with a little of that masculine violence and obstinacy, which when they grow up, they will call spirit and firmness, and lose earlier in life that docility, tenderness, and ignorance of evil, which are their sisters' peculiar charms. In all the range of visible creation there is no object to me so attractive and delightful as a lovely, intelligent, gentle, little girl, of eight or nine years old. This is the point at which may be witnessed the greatest improvement of intellect compatible with that lily-like purity of mind, to which taint is incomprehensible, danger unsuspected, which waxes not only the vocabulary, but the very idea of sin. It is true, that

"Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
No spot or blame behind."

But to those who have lived long, and observed what constant sweeping and cleaning their house within requires, what clouds of dust fly in at every neglected cranny, and how often they have omitted to brush it off till it has injured the gloss of their furniture—to those there is something wonderful, dazzling,

and precious, in the spotless innocence of childhood, from which the slightest particle of impurity has not been wiped away. Woe to those who by a single word help to shorten this beautiful period!

"That man was never born whose secret soul,
With all its motley treasure of dark thoughts,
Foul fantasies, vain musings, and wild dreams,
Was ever open'd to another's scan."

Even the best and purest of women would shrink from displaying her heart to our gaze, while lovely childhood allows us to read its every thought and fancy. Its sincerity, indeed, is occasionally very inconvenient, and let that person be quite sure that he has nothing remarkably odd, ugly, or disagreeable about his appearance, who ventures to ask a child what it thinks of him. Amidst the frowns and blushes of the family, amidst a thousand efforts to prevent or to drown the answer, truth in all the horrors of nakedness will generally appear in the surprised assembly, and he who has hitherto thought, in spite of his mirror, that his eyes had merely a slight and not unpleasant cast, will now learn for the first time, that "every body says he has a terrible squint."

I cannot approve of the modern practice of dressing little girls in exact accordance with the prevailing fashion, with scrupulous imitation of their elders. When I look at a child, I do not wish to feel doubtful whether it is not an unfortunate dwarf who is standing before me attired in a costume suited to its age. Extreme simplicity of attire, and a dress sacred to themselves only, are most fitted to these "fresh female buds;" and it vexes me to see them disguised in the fashions of *La Belle Assemblée*, or practising the graces and courtesies of maturer life. Will there not be years enough from thirteen to seventy for ornamenting or disfiguring the person at the fiat of French milliners, for checking laughter and forcing smiles, for reducing all varieties of intellect, all gradations of feeling to one uniform tint? Is there not already a sufficient sameness in the aspect and tone of polished life? Oh, leave children as they are, to relieve by their "wild freshness" our elegant insipidity; leave their "hair loosely flowing, robes as free," to refresh the eyes that love simplicity; and leave their eagerness, their warmth, their unreflecting sincerity, their unschooled expressions of joy or regret, to amuse and delight us, when we are a little tired by the politeness, the caution,

the wisdom, and the coldness of the grown-up world.

Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art, the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances which compensates for so many external disadvantages, and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's: free from artificial wants, unsated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle. I love to hear the boisterous joy of a troop of ragged urchins whose cheap playthings are nothing more than mud, snow, sticks, or oyster-shells; or to watch the quiet enjoyment of a half-clothed, half-washed, fellow of four or five years old, who sits with a large rusty knife and a lump of bread and bacon at his father's door, and might move the envy of an alderman.

He must have been singularly unfortunate in childhood, or singularly the reverse in after-life, who does not look back upon its scenes, its sports, and pleasures with fond regret; who does not "wish for e'en its sorrows back again." The wisest and happiest of us may occasionally detect this feeling in our bosoms. There is something unreasonably dear to the man in the recollection of the follies, the whims, the petty cares, and exaggerated delights of his childhood. Perhaps he is engaged in schemes of soaring ambition, but he fancies sometimes that there was once a greater charm in flying a kite—perhaps, after many a hard lesson, he has acquired a power of discernment and spirit of caution which defies deception, but he now and then wishes for the boyish confidence which venerated every old beggar, and wept at every tale of woe—he is now deep read in philosophy and science, yet he looks back with regret on the wild and pleasing fancies of his young mind, and owns that "l'erreur a son mérite;" he now reads history till he doubts every thing, and sighs for the time when he felt comfortably convinced that Romulus was suckled by a wolf, and Richard the Third a monster of iniquity—his mind is now full of perplexities and cares for the future. Oh! for the days when the present was a scene sufficiently wide to satisfy him!

He who feels thus cannot contemplate unmoved the joys and sports of childhood, and gazes, perhaps, on the

care-free brow and rapture-beaming countenance, with the melancholy and awe which the lovely victims of consumption inspire, when, unconscious of danger, they talk cheerfully of the future. He feels that he is in possession of a mysterious secret, of which happy children have no suspicion; he knows what the life is on which they are about to enter; and he is sure that whether it smiles or frowns upon them, its brightest glances will be cold and dull compared with those under which they are now basking.

New Monthly Magazine.

TEA TRADE.

It has been said that the East India Company has annually taxed the public to the amount of £3,000,000 for their tea, when the parliamentary returns show that, for the last eighteen years, the *gross amount* of their sales has only averaged £3,500,000.; out of which the prime cost in China has been nearly £2,000,000., without making any allowance for agency, freight, and other charges. The extraordinary amount of the king's duty, which at once raises a pound of Bohea, sold by the Company at 1s. 6d., to 3s., and the tricks and intermixtures of the retail dealer, who contrives to charge at least five-and-twenty per cent. on this last sum, (considering himself entitled to a profit on the duty which he advances,) are industriously kept out of sight; while the Company, compelled by law to put up every lot at a limited advance above the invoice cost, is most nefariously re-proached with the high price which the consumer is obliged to pay. The following is a matter-of-fact history of a pound of hyson, sold by many a "genuine tea-warehouse" at 11s.; and any man of common sense, who knows what his butcher and his tailor make him pay, would as soon lay *their* sins at the door of the grazier and the clothier, as he would charge the whole blame of high-priced teas on the Company—the only party, in fact, who lie under a positive legal restriction:—

	s.	d.
Cost of 1 lb. of hyson at the		
Company's sales.....	4	4
King's duty.....	4	4
	8	8
Retailer's profit, brokerage, &c.	2	4
	11	0

In the year 1783, just previous to the commencement of the Commutation

Act, the Company's importation of tea was 4,138,295 lbs. The immediate effect of this act was, to double and treble the importation; and it has ever since been steadily increasing, until it has reached the enormous annual amount of 30,000,000 lbs., which vastly exceeds the consumption of the *whole world besides*, China herself excepted! *Quarterly Review.*

TEA FRAUDS.

A FEW years since it was discovered, that the teas were frequently mixed, by the Chinese, with iron dust, or an earthy detritus strongly impregnated with iron, which made the article weigh heavier, but was no improvement to the contents of the tea-pot. The test contrived for the detection of this was a powerful magnet, which being stirred about among the leaves, came out incrustated with the detritus in question. *Ibid.*

DUTY ON SPIRITS.

In 1824, the amount of duty raised on home and foreign spirits, as exactly as we can collect from the perplexing manner in which they are entered in the public accounts, amounted to 5,305,776l. 9s. 2½d. In 1825, notwithstanding the reduction of the rate of duty, it rose to 5,786,333l. 1s. 5½d.; in 1826, it was 5,474,632l. 10s. 4½d.; — in 1827, 7,492,221l. 7s. 0½d.; and in 1828, the revenue arising from spirits alone amounted to very little short of eight millions, and formed almost a seventh part of the whole annual revenue of the nation. —*Ibid.*

The Naturalist.

RICE PLANT.

RICE is an Ethiopian plant, upon the seed of which many of the inhabitants of the East almost entirely subsist. Its growth is very similar to that of the grasses, differing only in the number of stamens. In cultivation, like most dry plants, it requires a large portion of water; it is threshed, beaten, or scalded, to clean it from the husk, before it is brought into this country. It has been observed that, in a scarcity of corn, rice may be in part substituted for it in the making of bread; but the scarcity must be very great, to make that an economical expedient in this country, where the rice sells so high. It is said to have been successfully cultivated in Scotland; and could it be

naturalized to this country, so as to be raised in the fenny lands, which cannot be made to produce corn, it might, perhaps, be cheap enough to become a real blessing to the labouring classes, for it is undoubtedly very nutritious; but, at present, it is rather an article

of luxury than of economy for them. In the East, a strong intoxicating spirit is obtained from this grain, there called *paddy*; whence the name of paddy-bird given to a beautiful little Javanese bird that feeds upon it.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

LOCUST OF SCRIPTURE.



THIS species of locust is remarkable from its connexion with holy writ.

"It is well known that different interpretations have been given of the passage in the sacred writings, in which John the Baptist is said to have fed on locusts and wild honey. Some have supposed it to mean the young shoots of vegetables rather than locusts; but since the fact is established, that these insects are still eaten by the inhabitants of the East, there seems not the least reason for admitting any other interpretation than the usually received one. Why should we wonder that the abstemious prophet, during his solitary seclusion from the commerce of the world, should support himself by a repast, which is to be numbered, not indeed amongst the luxuries of life, but merely to be regarded as a substitute for food of a more agreeable nature. We may also adduce, in support of this idea, the testimony of Hasselquist, who thus expresses himself on this very subject:

Those who deny insects to have been the food of this holy man, urge, that this insect is an unaccustomed and unnatural food; but they would soon be convinced to the contrary, if they would travel either to Egypt, Arabia, or Syria, and take a meal with the Arabs. Roasted locusts are at this time eaten by the Arabs, at the proper season, when they can procure them; so that in all probability, this dish was used in the

time of St. John. Ancient customs are not here subject to many changes, and the victuals of St. John are not believed unnatural here; and I was assured by a judicious Greek priest, that their church had never taken the word in any other sense: he even laughed at the idea of its being a bird or a plant. All the Arabians, whether living in their native country, or in Persia, Syria, and Africa, are accustomed to eat locusts; the Turks, on the contrary, have an aversion to this sort of food. If the Europeans express any thing of the same aversion, the Arabians remind us of our fondness for oysters, crabs, and lobsters. A German, who had long resided in Barbary, states, that the flesh of this insect tasted like the small sardine of the Baltic Sea, which is dried in some towns in Holstein. Locusts are caught, and put into bags, or on strings, to be dried, in several parts of Arabia. In Barbary they are boiled, and then dried upon the roofs of the houses. They are fried in oil or butter, and sold in the markets of Turin and other places. The Bedouins of Egypt roast them alive, and devour them with the utmost voracity. There does not appear any instance of unwholesomeness in this article of food. The Jews in Arabia are convinced that the fowls, of which the Israelites eat so heartily in the deserts, were only clouds of locusts; and laugh at our translators, who have sup-

posed that they found quails, where quails never were.”*

Mr. Forbes, the Oriental traveller, also says, “I am surprised that commentators on the Scriptures have perplexed themselves about the food of John the Baptist, in the wilderness; which we are informed consisted of *locusts and wild honey*; and for which the cassia-fistula, or locust-tree, and many other substitutes have been mentioned; but it is well known that locusts are an article of food in Persia and Arabia, at the present day: they are fried until their wings and legs fall off, and in that state are eaten with rice and dates, sometimes flavoured with salt and spice; and the *wild honey* is found in the clefts of the rocks in Judæa, as abundantly as in the caves of Hindustan.”

The devastations of locusts are among the wonders of Natural History, yet are corroborated by all writers on Entomology.

The locust before us has a bright crimson trunk, head, and legs, striped with black; and the wings are nearly transparent green, and edged and variegated with that colour and brown.

OYSTER FISHERIES.

OYSTERS abound on various parts of the British coast, and are consumed, under one form or another, in such numbers, as to have become a valuable article of commerce. To give some idea of its extent, and of the number of hands to which it gives employment, it may be sufficient to mention the oyster-fisheries of Essex alone. In the rivers of this county, more particularly in the Crouch, the Blackwater, and Colne, a great variety of excellent oysters are bred. The boats employed in dredging them are from 14 to 30 or 40 tons; the fitting out one of 20 tons will require £150. Of these vessels there are upwards of 200 now employed, and above 500 men and boys. The quantity of oysters taken in a season is supposed to be above 20,000 bushels, which are chiefly disposed of in London; but they are also sent to Hamburgh, Bremen, Holland, France, and Flanders. So important, indeed, are the oyster-fisheries of Britain, that they have long been an object of attention to the legislature; and they are regulated by a Court of Admiralty. In the month of May, the fishermen are allowed to take the oysters, in order to separate the spawn

from the *cultch*,* the latter of which is thrown back, to preserve the bed for the future. After this month it is felony to carry away the cultch, and punishable to take any oyster, unless, when closed, a shilling will rattle between its valves.† The spawn is then deposited in beds or layers formed for the purpose, and furnished with sluices, through which, at the spring tides, the water is suffered to flow. This water, being stagnant, soon becomes green in warm weather; and, in a short time, the oysters acquire the same tinge, which renders them of greater value in the market. Three years, at least, are required to bring them to a marketable state; and the longer they remain, the more fat and delicate they become. Artificial beds, as Pliny informs us, were invented by one Sergius Arata, and first established on the Lucrine Lake, A. V. 660; and, from some circumstances mentioned by the naturalist, we may infer that the said Sergius was no loser by the speculation. In Scotland they have none of them, but eat oysters just as they are brought from their native rocks and though certainly inferior to the genuine “Pye-fleet,” yet they are no despicable dainties.

The oyster is a *bivalve* shell, and there are many others of this kind which are edible. Indeed, none of them, so far as we know, are positively hurtful; though some, as the *Spondyli*, are harsh and disagreeable, others occasionally act as poison at particular seasons or to peculiar constitutions, and many are so small or so rare as never to have been used. The *Pecten maximus*, for example, is a much esteemed species; and the clam (*Pecten opercularis*) is very commonly eaten in Scotland. The *Anomia undulata*, at Bourdeaux, is considered a delicacy; while, on some parts of the shores of the Mediterranean, the rocks are broken with large hammers, in order to procure the *Pholas dactylus*, which abounds there, and is admired even at the tables of the luxurious. The razor-fish common on our sandy shores, is an article of food in many places; and when they go to its capture, the Irish are said to have a song appropriate to the occasion, whence we may infer that it is a favourite with

* By this term are meant the stones, gravel, old shells, &c., to which the spawn adheres; and the reason for punishing its destruction is, that, when taken away, the ooze increases, and mussels and cockles breed on the bed, and destroy the oysters, gradually occupying all the places on which the spawn should be cast.

† See *Arcana of Science* for 1829, p. 138.

* Gill's Repository, vol. iv. page 202.

them. On a dish made of the animal of the *Mya truncata*, and named *smurulin*, the natives of Orkney and Zetland delight to sup.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

Spirit of Discovery.

Killing Insects, for preservation in Cabinets.

Inclose the insect in a paper or thin wooden box (a pill-box, for instance), and expose it one or two seconds to heat near the fire. The heat immediately kills insects the most tenacious of life. This process does not alter the most delicate colours; but if the heat be continued too long, the wings and other parts of the body begin to wrinkle.

Brandy an Antidote to Beer.

Brandy has lately been found to be a perfect antidote to drunkenness from beer. A man, upon whom the experiment was inadvertently made in the south of France, described himself after the intoxication had left him, as "awakened from a long and painful dream." This curious remedy has since been tried, and always with success, and a French physician has verified it. The subject is not, however, mentioned in any work upon medicine.

Patents.

The number of patents obtained in England, France, and Austria, in the last six years, is as follows:—England, 914; France, 1091; Austria, 1099.—The average in England from 1818 to 1826, is 138.

Lincoln.

The Common Council Bell of the Guildhall, Lincoln, has lately been discovered to bear a Latin inscription, in very ancient characters, which, translated, runs thus:—"When a good citizen hears this bell, let him take out his gown, and when it sounds again, know that the court is open." From this circumstance it is thought that the Guildhall was built in the early part of Henry VII.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

MEMOIRS OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

THIS is one of the most popular and amusing books of antiquarianism that even Mr. Britton has yet produced; and it is but due praise to say that he has done more to render popular the

study of antiquities than any other writer of his time. The volume abounds with historical anecdote; which our readers will readily believe to be of the most attractive and entertaining character, if they but for a moment consider the many important events of our history which have taken place within the Tower of London. Even a calendar of the names of its prisoners would carry us through the most stormy periods; but we are rather disposed to quote an extract as a specimen.

"In 1627, the fortress became the abode of one who had gained a place in the pages of history, by a deed to which modern times afford but a single parallel; namely, John Felton, the murderer of the Duke of Buckingham. The particulars of the duke's assassination are too generally known to need repetition; but the following particulars relative to Felton, from Ellis's "Original Letters," may not be deemed uninteresting. A letter dated 13th of September, 1628, states that "Felton was on Friday night brought to the Tower by water, where multitudes of people being gathered to see him, he desired them all the way as he came to pray for him, who with a general voice, cried 'Lord comfort thee,' 'the Lord be merciful unto thee,' or such like words." A subsequent correspondent says—"As Felton, the last week, passed through Kingston upon Thames, an old woman bestowed this salutation upon him: 'Now God bless thee, little David,' quoth she; meaning he had killed Goliath. He had hitherto been fairly used in the Tower, being put into the same lodging where Sir John Elliot lay, and allowed two dishes of meat every meal. He denies what Savage* said, that he had offered him eighty pounds to kill the duke, forty pounds whereof in hand; and thought indeed that Savage will prove a man distraught of his wits." By the following extract of a letter from Mr. Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville, we learn, that "On Monday, September 22, two grave and learned divines were sent to Felton by order from his Majesty, to try if by working upon his conscience, they could get out of him who were his complices and confederates. They found the man exceeding penitent for the blood he had shed, and no way arrogating to himself the good that might come of that act, but taking all the evil to himself, and ascribing the

* A gentleman who was lodged in the Tower, for speaking words importing as though he knew of Felton's purpose before he committed the murder.

good to God Almighty. And withal he protested upon his salvation that no living creature was ever made acquainted with his intent. That he took his first resolution on Monday the 18th of August, but six days before he acted it; and that his only confederate and setter on, was the Remonstrance of the Parliament, which he verily thought, in his soul and conscience, to be a sufficient warrant for what he did upon the duke's person. Now he makes two suites to his Majesty; the one is, that he may receive the communion before he suffer death; and the other that, until then, he may be permitted to wear sackcloth about his loins, to sprinkle ashes upon his head, and to carry a halter about his neck in testimony of repentance, for shedding the blood of a man, and that so suddenly as he had no time given him to repent. That his own blood is ready for the satisfaction of the law; and he is confident that the blood of Christ shall wash away this and all his other sins."

"Another friend told me that on Tuesday morning, some of the lords being with him, my Lord of Dorset told him, 'Mr. Felton, it is the King's pleasure you should be put to torture, to make you confesse your complices, and therefore prepare yourself for the rack.' To whom Felton replied, 'I do not believe my lord that it is the King's pleasure; for he is a just and a gracious Prince, and will not have his subjects to be tortured against law. I do again affirm upon my salvation, that my purpose was known to no man living; and more than I have said before, I cannot. But if it be his Majestie's pleasure, I am ready to suffer whatsoever his Majesty will have inflicted upon me. Yet this I must tell you by the way, that if I be put upon the rack, I will accuse you, my Lord of Dorset, and none but yourself.' So they left him then without bringing him to the rack, and it is thought he shall not be racked at all. He was said to have spoken much after the same manner once before unto my Lord Conway."

"In the following December, Felton was conducted from the Tower to Westminster for trial, when the judge without impanelling the jury, or examining witnesses, demanded of him, why sentence of death should not be pronounced. He answered, "I am sorry both that I have shed the blood of a man who is the image of God, and taken away the life of so near a subject to the King;" and, lifting up his arm, added, "This is the instrument, which did the fact,

which I desire may be first cut off, and the rest of my carcase I willingly yield to this Court, to be disposed of as you and his Majesty shall please.' The punishment of death was therefore awarded.

"The day before Felton's execution he received the sacrament, and in the afternoon was visited by the Earl and Countess of Arundel, and Lord Matravera their son, to whom he was related. They brought him money to give away, and a winding sheet; the latter, however, proved useless, as, after he had been hanged at Tyburn, the body was placed in chains on a gibbet at Portsmouth, where the assassination had been committed."

The work is handsomely printed, and embellished with well-executed wood-engravings of some of the most memorable events.

LIVES OF THE BRITISH ARTISTS.

By Allan Cunningham.

In the early pages of the last volume of *The Mirror*, we noticed the first portion of the present work at some length. Indeed, the anecdotes of Hogarth, (whose life the volume includes) pressed so far into our columns, that we were compelled to notice the biographies of Wilson, Reynolds, and Gainsborough but by name, and promise of returning to them. But "Time travels at divers paces," and before we had completed our attentions to this volume, the second appears with such a variety of anecdote as we cannot resist. Open the volume where we may, and dip where we may, there is something to amuse as well as to instruct every one who loves to watch the strange workings of genius in great minds. We have therefore selected an anecdote or two from each life. We begin with

WEST AT ROME.

WHEN it was known that a young American had come to study Raphael and Michael Angelo, some curiosity was excited among the Roman virtuosi. The first fortunate exhibitor of this Lion from the western wilderness was Lord Grantham: he invited West to dinner, and afterwards carried him to an evening party, where he found almost all those persons to whom he had brought letters of introduction. Amongst the rest was Cardinal Albani, who, though old and blind, had such delicacy of touch, that he was considered supreme in all matters of judgment regarding medals and intaglios. "I have the honour," said Lord Grantham, "to present a young American, who has a letter for your

Eminence, and who has come to Italy for the purpose of studying the Fine Arts." The Cardinal knew so little of the New World, that he conceived a young American must needs be a savage. "Is he black or white?" said the aged virtuoso, holding out both hands, that he might have the satisfaction of touching at least this new wonder. Lord Grantham smiled, and said, "he is fair—very fair." "What! as fair as I am?" exclaimed the prelate. Now the complexion of this churchman was a deep olive—that of West more than commonly fair—and as they stood together the company smiled. "As fair as the Cardinal," became for awhile proverbial.

Others, who had the use of their eyes, seemed to consider the young American as at most a better kind of savage; and, accordingly, were curious to watch him. They wished to try what effect the Apollo, the Venus, and the works of Raphael would have upon him, and "thirty of the most magnificent equipages in the capital of Christendom, and filled with some of the most erudite characters in Europe," says Galt, "conducted the young Quaker to view the masterpieces of art. It was agreed that the Apollo should be first submitted to his view; the statue was enclosed in a case, and when the keeper threw open the doors, West unconsciously exclaimed, "My God—a young Mohawk warrior!" The Italians were surprised and mortified with the comparison of their noblest statue to a wild savage; and West perceiving the unfavourable impression, proceeded to remove it. He described the Mohawks—the natural elegance and admirable symmetry of their persons—the elasticity of their limbs, and their motions free and unconstrained. "I have seen them often," he continued, "standing in the very attitude of this Apollo, and pursuing with an intense eye, the arrow which they had just discharged from the bow." The Italians cleared their moody brows, and allowed that a better criticism had rarely been pronounced. West was no longer a barbarian.

WEST INTRODUCED TO GEORGE III.

DR. DRUMMOND, the Archbishop of York, a dignified and liberal prelate, and an admirer of painting, invited West to his table, conversed with him on the influence of art, and on the honour which the patronage of genius reflected on the rich, and opening Tacitus, pointed out that fine passage where Agrippina lands with the ashes of Germanicus. He caused his son to read it again and

again, commented upon it with taste and feeling, and requested West to make him a painting of that subject. The artist went home, it was then late, but before closing his eyes he formed a sketch, and carried it early next morning to his patron, who, glad to see that his own notions were likely to be embodied in lasting colours, requested that the full size work might be proceeded with. Nor was this all—that munificent prelate proposed to raise three thousand pounds by subscription, to enable West to relinquish likenesses and give his whole time and talents to historical painting. Fifteen hundred pounds were accordingly subscribed by himself and his friends; but the public refused to co-operate, and the scheme was abandoned.

The Archbishop regarded the failure of this plan as a stigma on the country; his self-love too was offended. He disregarded alike the coldness of the Duke of Portland and the evasions of Lord Rockingham, to whom he communicated his scheme—sought and obtained an audience of his Majesty, then young and unacquainted with cares—informed him that a devout American and Quaker had painted, at his request, such a noble picture that he was desirous to secure his talents for the throne and the country. The King was much interested with the story, and said, "Let me see this young painter of yours with his Agrippina as soon as you please." The prelate retired to communicate his success to West.

Now all this happened to be overheard by one of those officious ladies who love to untie the knots of mysteries, and anticipate the natural disclosure of all secrets. Away flew her ladyship to the house of the artist—refused to disclose either her name or condition, acquainted him with the application of Drummond and the kindness of the King, and retired. She was not well away till a gentleman came from the palace to request West's attendance with the picture of Agrippina. "His Majesty," said the messenger, "is a young man of great simplicity and candour; sedate in his affections, scrupulous in forming private friendships, good from principle, and pure from a sense of the beauty of virtue." Forty years' intercourse, we might almost say friendship, confirmed to the painter the accuracy of these words.

The King received West with easy frankness, assisted him to place the Agrippina in a favourable light, removed the attendants, and brought in the

Queen, to whom he presented our Quaker. He related to her Majesty the history of the picture, and bade her notice the simplicity of the design and the beauty of the colouring. "There is another noble Roman subject," observed his Majesty, "the departure of Regulus from Rome—would it not make a fine picture?" "It is a magnificent subject," said the painter. "Then," said the King, "you shall paint it for me." He turned with a smile to the Queen, and said, "The Archbishop made one of his sons read Tacitus to Mr. West, but I will read Livy to him myself—that part where he describes the departure of Regulus." So saying, he read the passage very gracefully, and then repeated his command that the picture should be painted.

West's life was long and laborious, and his productions are very numerous. He painted and sketched in oil upwards of four hundred pictures, mostly of an historical and religious nature, and he left more than two hundred original drawings in his portfolio.

(To be continued.)

Retrospective Cleanings.

ANCIENT HISTORY OF BUTTER.

(For the Mirror.)

BUTTER, (says Beckmann,) though commonly used at present in the greater part of Europe, was not known, or known very imperfectly to the ancients. The oldest mention of butter, though it is indeed dubious and obscure, is in the account given of the Scythians, by Herodotus. "These people," says he, "pour the milk of their mares into wooden vessels, cause it to be violently stirred or shaken by their blind slaves, and separate the part that arises to the surface, as they consider it more valuable and more delicious than that which is collected below it."

The author here certainly speaks of the richest part of the milk being separated from the rest by shaking; and it appears that we have every reason to suppose that he alludes to butter, especially as Hippocrates, who was almost contemporary, mentions the same thing, and in a much clearer manner. The poet, Anaxandrides, who lived soon after Hippocrates, describing the wedding of Iphicrates, who married the daughter of Cotys, King of Thrace, and the Thracian entertainment given on that occasion, says, that the Thracians ate butter, which the Greeks at that time considered as a wonderful kind of food.

We are told by Plutarch, that a Spartan lady paid a visit to Berenice, the wife of Diodotus, and that one smelled so much of ointment, and the other of butter, that neither of them could endure the other. Was it customary, therefore, (says Beckmann) at that period, for people to perfume themselves with butter?

Dioscorides says, "that good butter was prepared from the fattest milk, such as that of sheep, or goats, by shaking it in a vessel till the fat was separated." He also adds, that he is the first writer who makes the observation, that fresh butter might be melted and poured over pulse and vegetables instead of oil, and that it might be used in pastry in the room of other fat substances. Galen, who distinguishes and confirms in a more accurate manner, the healing virtues of butter, expressly remarks that cow's milk produces the fattest butter; that butter made from sheep's or goat's milk is less rich; and that asses milk yields the poorest. He expresses his astonishment, therefore, that Dioscorides should say that butter was made from the milk of sheep and goats. He assures us that he had seen it made from cow's milk, and that he believes it had thence acquired its name. After further observations and remarks by Beckmann, too numerous for the compass of a *Mirror*; he says, "I have now laid before the reader, in chronological order, every thing that I found in the works of the ancients respecting butter, and it is certain from what has been said, that it is not a Grecian, and much less a Roman invention; but that the Greeks were made acquainted with it by the Scythians, the Thracians, and the Phrygians, and the Romans by the Grecians."

It appears also, that when they had learned the art of making it, they employed it only as an ointment in their baths, and particularly in medicine; Pliny recommends it mixed with honey to be rubbed over children's gums, in order to ease the pain of teething, and also for ulcers in the mouth."

The Romans anointed the bodies of their children with butter, to render them pliable. Some of the ancients burnt it in their lamps instead of oil. It is certain that it was used neither by the Greeks, nor the Romans, in cookery or the preparation of food, nor was it brought to their tables by way of dessert. We never find it mentioned by Galen and others, as a food, though they have spoken of it as applicable to other purposes.

P. T. W.

DERRY-DOWN.

(For the Mirror.)

THE general burden to almost all our old English ballads is well known to be "Derry down, derry down, hey derry down," these words formerly constituted (with little alteration in pronunciation or orthography,) the chorus to the Druidical hymns; the literal signification is, "Let us dance round the oak," and we may therefore reasonably conclude, that dancing formed a necessary part of the religion of the ancient Britons.

QUESTOR.

POET LAUREATE.

(For the Mirror.)

OF this office in the king's household, Sir John Hawkins, in his *History of Music*, observes, "that there are no records which ascertain the origin of the institution in this kingdom, but many that recognise it." There was a court poet as early as the reign of Henry III. *Chaucer*, on his return from abroad, first assumed the title of poet laureate, and in the twelfth year of Richard II., obtained a grant of an annual allowance of wine: James I., in 1615, granted to his laureate a yearly pension of 100 marks; and in 1630, this stipend was augmented by letters patent of Charles I., to £100. per annum, with an additional grant of one tierce of Canary wine, to be taken out of the king's store

W. C. R. R.

HOUNDSDITCH.

(For the Mirror.)

THE name of Houndsditch, though now confined to a single street in the neighbourhood of Bishopsgate, appears formerly to have been the appellation of different parts of the moat or moats by which the walls of London were surrounded. From a chartulary of St. Giles's Hospital, made as long ago as the beginning of the fifteenth century, *Houndesdic* and *Houndesdich* are the appellations of a part of the town-ditch, in the parish of *St. Sepulchre*. From Howell's *Londinopolis*, it appears that another part of the fosse between Ludgate and Newgate had the same denomination; and a third by Barbican. According to Stow, it seems the ditch nigh Bishopsgate was arched over and paved in 1502; within a century after the houses that arose upon its site became remarkable as the resort of brokers, as appears from one of the satires in *The*

Letting of Humours Blood in the Head
Veine, London. 1611:—

Oh Sir, why that's as true as you are heere
With one example I will make it cleere;
And far to fetch the same I will not goe,
But unto *Houndsditch*, to the *Broker's-row*
Or any place where that trade doth remaine,
Whether at *Holbourne Conduit*, or *Long-lane*.

W. C. R. R.

CHIMES.

AT what period was the use of *chimes* in churches introduced into England? In Flanders and Holland they are more common than in this country. It is certain they are not an English invention. In several large towns of the Netherlands, there are a species of *chimes* called *carillons*, which have frequently three octaves of bells. These are not played by clock-work, but by means of ropes fastened to the clappers of the bells, which communicate to *keys* like those of a harpsichord or organ, on which the *carillonneur* (or *carillon-player*,) plays.

W. C. R. R.

In connexion with "Chimes," we quote the following portion of a very graceful paper, *On a Sun-Dial*, by Mr. Hazlitt, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, vol. xx.

"The chimes in Holland are a nuisance. They dance in the hours and the quarters. They leave no respite to the imagination. Before one set has done ringing in your ears, another begins. You do not know whether the hours move or stand still, go backwards or forwards, so fantastical and perplexing are their accompaniments. Time is a more staid personage, and not so full of gambols. It puts you in mind of a tune with variations, or of an embroidered dress. Surely nothing is more simple than time. His march is straight forward; but we should have leisure allowed us to look back upon the distance we have come, and not to be counting his steps every moment. Time in Holland is a foolish old fellow with all the antics of a youth, who "goes to church in a coranto, and lights his pipe in a cinque-pace." The chimes with us, on the contrary, as they come in every three or four hours, are like stages in the journey of the day. They give a fillip to the lazy, creeping hours, and relieve the lassitude of country-places. At noon, their desultory, trivial song is diffused through the hamlet with the odour of rashers of bacon; at the close of day they send the toil-worn sleepers to their beds. Their discontinuance would be a great loss to the thinking or unthinking public. Mr. Wordsworth

has painted their effect on the mind when he makes his friend Matthew, in a fit of inspired dotage,

"Sing those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church-clock
And the bewilder'd chim'es!"*

* The greater part of this paper was marked long since for *The Mirror*, but inadvertently omitted.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKESPEARE.

GREAT COAT, ALIAS SURTOUT—VERSUS
THE BAVAROY, OR CLOAK.

THE young men of the present day seem to shiver in their bavaroy or cloaks, whilst the old men of sixty trip lightly along within their close surtouts. Cloaks were condemned by the poet, Gay, who poetically recommends the surtout thus:—

"Nor should it prove thy less important
care,
To choose a proper coat for winter's
wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
The silken druggel ill can fence the
cold;
The frieze's spongy nap is soak'd with
rain,
And show'rs soon drench the camblet's
cockled grain;
True Witney broad-cloth, with its shag
unshorn,
Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest
worn;
Be this the horseman's fence, for who
would wear
Amid the town, the spoils of Russia's
bear?
Within the roqu'laure's clasp thy hands
are pent—
Hands that stretch'd forth invading
harms prevent.
Let the loop'd bavaroy the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloak be spatter'd o'er with
lace;
That garment best the winter's rage
defends,
Whose shapeless form in ample plaits
depends;
By various names in various countries
known,
Yet held in all the true surtout alone:
Be thine of Kersey firm, tho' small the
cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd
the frost." P. T. W.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD BECK.

ACCORDING to Verstegan, the original word is *beke*, which probably imports a

small stream of water issuing from some bourn or spring. Hence *hell-beck*, little brooks so called, on account of their ghastliness and depth, or rather from their being covered or much concealed. *Beck* is chiefly used among us in the composition of names of places originally situated on rivulets, hence Welbeck, Bournbeck, &c. The Germans use *beck* in the same manner.

P. T. W.

FROSTY WEATHER.

A SHREWED observer once said, that in walking the streets of a slippery morning, one might see where the good-natured people lived, by the ashes thrown on the ice before the doors.—*Franklin*.

Removing orange peel, peas, or tobacco pipe from the pavement, we think a similar act of benevolence.

Q.

CONTRADICTION.

GEORGE DIGBY, Earl of Bristol, was a singular person, whose life was one contradiction. He wrote against Popery and embraced it; he was a zealous opposer of the court, and a sacrifice for it; was conscientiously converted in the midst of his prosecution of Lord Straford, and was most unconscientiously a prosecutor of Lord Clarendon. With great parts he always hurt himself and his friends; with romantic bravery he was always an unsuccessful commander. He spoke for the Test Act though a Roman Catholic; and addicted himself to astrology on the birthday of true philosophy.—*Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors*.

THUMPING WON'T MAKE A GENTLEMAN.

Two eminent members of the Irish bar, Messrs. Doyle and Yelverton, quarrelled some years ago, so violently, that from words they came to blows. Doyle, the more powerful man (at the fist at least) knocked down his adversary twice, exclaiming with vehemence, "you scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman." To which Yelverton, rising, answered with equal indignation, "No, sir, never; I defy you, I defy you! you can't do it!"

W. M.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London: sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 62, New Market, Leipzig; and by all Newsmen and Bookstalls.